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Inevitably, Perhaps

Brian Henry

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INEVITABLY, PERHAPS

You arrive at the verandah of the majordomo with your hat in your hands. The ants assessing the situation bow out for safer ground. Not one but many batteries are needed to power the lights above the tennis court on the cliff. A costly proposition, and one you're reluctant to propose.

You're reluctant to propose practically anything—a recycling program, a cycling club, a left turn into the grocery store lot. You are singly miserable and miserably single, your friends are where they were years ago, in the stories you spin alone. You hope to win the lottery and fly them back for the party, but the numbers never come.

In your head all night you rehearsed the words you would use with the majordomo, dependent clauses strategically placed, your claim backed by solid evidence. As the domo now motions you into a wicker chair, the clauses collapse under the strain of sitting with the man, the words spill as they always do—solid and stained by the stories you would tell.